4144444444444444444444444 "Simple Simon:" His Simple Life.

The church clock at the top of the hill struck elven. Its deliberate tones floated down over the house-tops and across the fields to where William Dodd working in his garden. A gleam of satisfaction came over his face. He stood apright, his knuckles at what might have been called by courtesy the small of his back and stretched him-Then he got together his fork, his hoe and his wooden garden basket and went off to the house.

He was round and short and elderly. Forty years before his pink face, wide open eyes, and air of innocent be-wilderment had earned him the name of Simple Simon from his fellow clerks at the London bank at which he had been employed, and middle age had only served to make it more appropri-

He had on a pair of striped trousers, very baggy at the knees, and a tail coat of a greenish hue, still black in pieces. He was wearing out the clothes he had at the time of his retirement. When the time came to buy another suit, it would be of the pattern called pepper and salt.

It was a fine sunny morning in May. Larks were singing, poised somewhere in the blue over the meadows. Simple Simon had been aware of them during the hour in which he had been weeding. He had also taken notice of the fresh sweetness of the country air, of the smell of the earth, of the vigorous spring growth that was going on, almost visibly around him, of bright colors of the flowers on the bordere of his vegetable ground.

He put his tools away in the shed he had built for their accommodation, cleaned his boots on the iron scraper outside it, and then went along the bricked path to the back of the house and called out, "Now, then, mother!

Mrs. Dodd appeared at the door with a tray upon which were a jug, a glass, a hank of bread and cheese. She, too, was stout and round, and her comely face wore the same took of placid contentment as her husband's. She had on an immense apron over her neat stuff dress.

"Been making the arbor, father?" she asked as she deposited the tray on a wooden bench by the door.
"Arbort" echoed Simple Simon, tak-

ing his seat boside the tray. your wits have gone wool gathering. The arbor's from eleven till one. Going to start on it now. What have you been doing?"

Counting the wash and trying to knock some sense into that girl's head. Now I'm going over the glass and ohins cupboard till dinner time."

"Ab, you'll like that. Lor, what a life it is! Never a moment without something pleasant to do, and no-body got a right to come along and tell you to do something else. Now, mother, is it as good as we figured it out, or isn't it?"

"Go along with you!" replied Mrs. Dodd. "You know well enoug You know well enough what I can't stop talking here all distalt.

the morning." She disappeared into the house, Her husband fluished his morning's refreshment, and sat for a few minutes, ribbing his hands on his knees, his face turned toward the sun, that had already begun to color it.

he got up briskly and went to his shed for another set of tools, Simple Simon was in his usual po-sition of hasing realized a life-long atm and of having gained as much estimaction from it as he had antici-

DATAGE When he had married thirty years sectore, with only the salary of a part himself, his wife and a possible family, it would have seemed out of the question that his prospects would have enabled alm to buy a little house with a large garden in the country and live in it for the years that remained to him after his work should be finished. But that was view all through the years of youth and middle saw; and the end has been accomplished.

They had saved a bittle every year from the first, except in the year to and that other black your in which had nearly lost her. As time went on and Simple Stuon's miary increased. pleasure to an without things and add than the left.

something to the store. For every shilling they denied themselves they gained a sovereign's worth in antic pation

Simple Simon, upon his marriage, had gone into a little house in a quiet but pokish street in Kentish Town, and he had lived in that little house for thirty years, until he bought his

He thought of those years now, as he measured and sawed and ham-mered in the spring sunshine, with the peace of the country surrounding

They had not been bad years. The little house at the end of the dull street, under the high wall, had ways been clean and cory within, and if in summer time it was disagreeably hot and airless in the midst of these miles of streets, and as disagreeably cheerless in the bad days, there was always the great emancipa-tion to look forward to and take on a brighter aspect by contrast with present surroundings.

And there was Hampstead Heath not far off and the pleasanter suburba in one of which Simple Simon might even then have been living if he had not set his heart upon something still better in the years to come. He and his wife and his little girl made expeditions together on holidays and on summer evenings. They were known in the street in which they lived as "The Happy Family." But they kept much to themselves.

It seemed to Simple Simon, as worked away by the blossoming blac, that those years had covered a very short space of time. There had been scarcely any change in them. There would have been none, year after year, if it had not been for the growing up of their daughter.

She supplied the landmarks. In this year she had scarlet fever, and they took her to Lowestoft for a holfday; in that she first played at the school concert; in that she gained her scholarship at the academy; in that shet was so ill; in that she got her appointment as music teacher at the big school in which she had been educated; in that she was married; in that her child was born.

Simple Simon's face softened as he

thought of the child. Yes, she had been a good girl. Life in the little house in Kentish Town, even with the great emancipation to look forward to, would have been dull without her.

And perhaps it was just as well that her husband, who had been the drawing master at the school, was not Simple Simon had very well off. been able to help his girl, and was helping her now. There was plenty for that. He and mother would not be so contented as they were if they had had nobody but themselves, to think of and spend their money on.

The church clock struck one. Simple Simon drew himself up sgain and It was gathered his tools together. time to go in and wash and change his clothes. In the afternoon, after a nap in the armchair in the dining room window, framed in honeysuckie, he would occupy himself with the lighter phases of gardening, pottering about with a hank of bast and a pair of garden clippers until tea time. After that he and his wife would go for a stroll by field paths and country lanes, and return in the evening to their quiet, pleasant little home. And so the days and the years would

pass, and they would grow old together, in peace and contentment, with their child and their child's child to ward from them the desolate loneliness of age

A thrush sang in the illacs. A light breeze blowing over a bed of wall flowers wafted fragrance. The sun shone on a clump of tall lilacs. Simple Simon lifted his gray head

and looked round him. His eyes were moist. "I don't know what I've done " he said.to deserve London Mail.

While Shaving.

The Bishop of London says that he composes his sermons and addresses while he is dressing, and that brain seems to work in an astonishing meaner while he is shaving. He also says that he does not know how he could find time otherwise to prepare

his sprmons. Here at last is an unswer to Southey's attack on shavers for wasting time. Southey calculated mathematically that the average shaver, bes twenty years old, and shaving for afty years, will consume 2,720 hours, sufficient time for acquiring a compotent knowledge of seven languages. this was a modest eniculation, Southey gave only nine minutes daily to the shaver. If the shaver should spend a minute a day in stropping his rator he would waste 304 hours ten minutes in fifty years—time enough for an eighth language. Boston Her-

The Freight.

Knicker-What is the prospect for

the summer? Booker-That the railroads' princi (a) business will be swinging can dates around the circle-New York

Conserably the right our is larger

FOILED BY QUICK WIT AND COURAGE.

BURGLARS ROUTED BY BRAVE WOMEN.

Presence of Mind Displayed by Admiral's Daughter-Army Officer's Wife Wounds Intruder.

Mrs. Charles Gilpin's encounter with burglars and of her bravery and presence of mind in putting them to flight with a toy pistol recalls that Washington as well as Philadelphia has cause to be proud of the courage and resourcefulness displayed by a Washington woman under similar condi-

She is the wife of a major general in the army. Her encounter with a burgiar occurred during the summer just before her marriage, at her fathor's country sent, in Northern New York.

The house was large and rambling in architecture and her room was on the third floor, where no one except herself slept. One suitry night she went to her room about 10 o'clock. On account of the heat she did not light both lamps. She put on a wrapper. When she went to a closet to find a pair of alippers and felt about the floor for them her hands encountered a pair of shoes which would not move,

Though much frightened she tinued to search for the slippers, which she finally found. She picked them up, and sitting on the bed tried vainly to think of some way to obtain a tance without letting the man hidden behind her dresses know that she was aware of his presence,

The closet door had no lock, the latch was broken and it would not stay shut. The woman had seated herself on the side of the bed flording the closet, and when she glanced into it she looked directly into the eyes of the burglar. He promptly stepped out.

"There is no use for further concealment," he said. "I knew you had discovered me. If you utter one sound I wil kill you!" He raised a revolver and pressed it against her head, "Now," he commanded "walk over to your bu-

The woman obeyed, and the burglar put her rings, bracelets and pins into

"If you have any money give it to se," he ordered. She handed him me." about \$100.

A Successful Ruse.

"Now, young woman, you've got to show me the quickest way out of this house, and remember if you scream or try to trick me I'll blow your brains

She walked down the stairs, with the burglar at her heels. She took a turn leading to the front of the house, and in the dim light the burglar did not notice his surroundings. As she reached the first floor she pointed to the front door and said, loudly:

"That is the only way to leave this house. In that room" - pointing to her left, where a door stood ajar—"are my father and brother. I advise you to go

The burglar knocked her aside and dashed to the front door. But her voice had reached her father and brother, who rushed to her assistance. They pursued the burglar, and near the lodge gate overtook and captured him

Some years ago the young daughter of an admiral met with a similar ex-perience in her Washington home. She had gone to her room late, and while undressing dropped her watch. As she stooped to pick it up she gianced casually under her bed and saw a man's figure under it. His back was toward her. She went on undressing. Then, remarking aloud that she was thirsty, she picked up a tumbler and went out of her room. She ran to her father's bedroom and awakened him. The police were called, and on their arrival the burglar was nauled from and the bed.

The Inte Mrs. James B. Ricketts, well known in Washington society, had deserved reputation for coolness under trying circumstances. The story of her spending three months in Libby in a small room with her husband, General Ricketts, and twenty-six officers

and men is well known. Just before the civil war she accompanied General Richetts to a frontier post. After their arrival the general went on a scouting expedition and she was left alone in their quarters. filled night of his absence she retired early. She had been salesp some time when suddenly she became wide awake and conscious that some one was looking at her. Hhe raised her head and glanced about the room, which was fairly well lighted by meonitght. Her attention was attracted by a shadow th one corner, which she became aware was caused by a crenching figure.

Shot the Burglar.

She slipped her hand under her plllaw pulled out her revolver, and aiming it in the direction of the shadow

room; then I dret

With a bound the roan dushed to the open window. Mrs. Ricketts fired as he illmbed out. The shor roused the post. and the forgier was quickly captured.

The wife of a government officer met ville Journal.

The account recently published by | with an uncomfortable adventure a year ago this June when she accompanied him to the Jamestown exposition. They took the night boat to Norfolk and occupied separate staterooms. She found it difficult to sleep on account of a lumpy mattress and went to her hus-As she left the stateroom she locked the door. She naked her husband to go back with her. He rang for the steward and they entered his wife's stateroom and dragged the mattress off the bed. They found a burly negro stowed away under it,

A wealthy New York widow who spent some time in Havana last January several days before she was to sail for New York went out in a car-

riage to make farewell calls. Some of the carriages in Havana are built like broughams, but instead of windows in the back have merely openings and a curtain. As the carriage was rolling along, she heard a slight noise behind her, and turning her head saw a man peering in through the opening. He was evidently standing on the back springs. Before she could cry out he had caught her around the throat, and holding her securely began tearing off her jewelry with his He tore a diamond dog right hand. collar from her neck and seized her well filled purse. Then he released his hold and dropped off the carriage. The wheels made so much noise that the half strangled woman had great difficulty in stopping the coachman who had been unconscious of what transpiring behind his back,-New York Tribune.

ATHLETICS IN BRAZIL.

Hammer Thrower Gillis Tello the English About Sports in South America. According to Simon P. Gillis, tha

New York A. C. hammer thrower, who has arrived in England, the influx of Americans and Englishmen into Brazil will in due course create a love of athletics there. Gillis has been in Rio de Janeiro for the last two years and went there to England for the purpose of competing in the championship, the Olympic games and other big meets. By the mail which leaves for England, this week Gillis' entry for the English championships will be forwarded by the New York A. C. Since his arrival in England Gillis has been extensively interviewed over the changes of the American team at the Olympic games, He has told the Saxons that Americans will be strongest in the sprints, weights and pole vault and jumping events in general. In giving his views to Sporting Life on Brazil, Gillis said: "Brazil has a climate that does not stimulate a love for athlettes. It is hot and humid, with plenty of rain, and there is practically no life in the peo-ple. The athletic life of Brazil is chiefly confined to the British and Americans. There is an English cricket club at Rio de Janeiro, and they have a spiendid ground. There were couple of American battleships in the harbor last June, and a festival was arranged, at which I did some hammer throwing,"

"Don't the people show more energy when you get away from the coast?"
"At San Paulo, which is more than

2,000 feet above sea level, the climate is not nearly so enervating and a few Brazilians do take part in athletica there. Generally speaking, however, it is very hard to awaken their interest in games of a strenuous character. They prefer something that does not demand much physical effort." t a national pastime?

'Have to The majority of nations are noted for at least one game.

They are intensely keen on bull fighting, but that is scarcely a pastime according to our way of regarding things. The Brazilians are also great supporters of the automobile and they have their horse races. Everbedy rices and they get wildly enthnelastic over racing. Some of the mere active Brazilians go in for rowing, and a few may be seen out as runners at Sao

"With so manw foreigners in Brazil is there not a probability of greater in

forest being aroused in athletics?" "It will only be done very slowly, if at all. British and German people are increasing in numbers and they may in time move the Brazilians to a love for athletics, but there are faint prospects at present. We arranged some base ball games there, and I den't suppose a couple of hundred Brazilians took the trouble to attend them. How differunt to their bull fights, which I consider to be very cruel. I don't regard them as such good buil fighters as the Mexicana, and in Mexico they "I give you out minute to leave the kill the buil whereas in Brazil they content themselves with wounding it. New York Bun.

Like the Man-

A boy is niways willing to take un-Mrs Bleketts had wounded him in the other bay's part, when it is oranges. or sponge cake, or low cream - Borner

PEMBROOK FARM, CLOSED TIGHT.

"The Pembrook farm is shut up tight.
Thur's suthin doin here:
The pudick's tanging pain in sight.
No boarders took this year.
They won't go gainvanin up
An down these premises.
No others' building pup
"Li make my here geewalt."

"Last year they got a hold o' Jim,
An' drug him off to town;
They made a shuffer out o' him—
His By'ry's gold an' brown.
They said Medora sughter sing
As good as Nordlesy
She didn't; does the highland filing
In voredyvill today.

"Our darker Tildy foller'd suit
Decause she had the gift
O' language an' the form to boot.
Say, how she is adrift.
A standin' in the winders an'.
A showin' how sum paint
Renews ole chairs; her smile is bian'
Enuñ to spile a saint.

"They wanted to git Lemuel,
Yer uncle, but he said.
He'd ruther stay this side o'—well;
They couldn't tarn his head.
An' ma, she kicked ag'in 'em stout
When they all tried to book
Her name; they said she was about
Thur proper size fur cook.

"The pudlock's hangin' on the gate
To shunt thet crowd this year.
I'll ping the fast case, sure as fate,
Who mousers 'round us here.'
A woin' as to guilt the farm
Ther's good entiff for no.
But ther got the children with thur
Charm,
An' took 'em off, b'guel'

-Horacc Seymout Keller, in the New
York Times



"Do you ever buy poetry?" "Well, i did buy a copy of Tennyson once," admitted the editor.-Philadelphia Led-

Pigot'e-"I've got my eye on a nice little home for us when we get married." Figgy-"You've got a sty in your eye, so to speak."-Life.

"Well, what's on the bill-of-fare today?" inquired the genial drummer. "Beg pahdon, san-Ah guesa dey's flyspecks. Ah'll git yo' anudder, sah."-Judge.

Conley (reading paper in Feeney's saloon)—"What's a dead reckonia". Dinny?" Feeney—The bar bill by \$7.80 I have agin yer inte brother Mike."-Puck.

"The editor of a humorous publication has to be familiar with all the old jokes." "To keep leople from paiming off new jokes upose him, I s'pase?"— Louisville Courier-oJurnal.

"Did you ask that man why he paid rent instead of owe rights own home?" asked one rank of a agent. "Yes," answered the other, "He said he didn't. He kept moving."-Washington

"But remember, my dear, that you and I are one." She looked at him scorufully. "One!" she echoed. "Nonsense. We are 10. i m the one and you are the cipher."-Cleveland Plain

"You can't buy happiness," exclaimed the sentimentalist. "No," answered the man who is sternly practical. "You can't buy happiness. And at the same time that fact doesn't imply that your comfort is enhanced by being broke. Washington Star.

Lise(to Jules, just returned from a year's study in London)-"Dis done, Jules-qu'est-ce que c'est donc que cas trols R's dont on parie on Angleterrer Jules-"Les trols R'at-N' sals pas-tiens-c'la me r'vieni-v'lal-Rotten, Rippin, et Right O."-Punch.

Borus (struggling author)-"That inst book of mine agreeably surprised you, did it? I am glad to hear that Naggus (Riterary editor)-"Yes; 1 expected to devote an entire evening to reading it. It put me to sleep in five minutes, old fellow."—Chicago Tribune.

Does yough leisure clawss in this country follow the hounds at all, Miss Papprey?" naked the visiting British nobleman. "No," replied Miss Pepprey, "the hounds usually follow the lefaure class here. We always try to keep the hoboes on the move."-Philadelphia Press.

"Gee whiz!" said George for the twentieth time, "it makes me mad erery time I think of the \$10 I lost today, netually feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me." By the way. George," said the dear girl, dreamily, Don't you think you'd better speak to tather this evening? -Philadelphia

The Queen of Silence."

Mrs. hanc Rice of New York, known in society in nearly all the expitals of Europe as the "Queen of Silence," his resumed her crusade against undue noise and will spend the summer to this advocacy abroad-Her immediate hope is to organize anvi-noise societies in overy daptent in Europe, poles confident that onne interest is aroused the cultation will gread with her alm is accomplished. Ranses Chy Journal

In Saxony practically oil of the New and the largest persion the full bet